

A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF LOVE.

Epigrams.  
Elegies.  
With certaine and  
Sonnets.

AND

Alfo Maſt: I O H N S O N S

Anſwere to Maſter  
W I T H E R S.

With the Crie of *Ludgate*, and  
the Song of the  
*Beggar*.

The ninth Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed by M I L E S F L E S H E R.

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## The Author to the Booke.

**I**T is no little Cottage that containes  
Wild wandring youth, or giddy headed brains:  
Their soft downe beds at home, or dainty fare  
Contents them not, they love the open aire :  
They among themselves expostulating, say,  
Shall we like Snailes, live in our Shells ? Away  
To Sea for shame, to Ship, let's goe aboard,  
And see what other Countries can affoord :  
But being pinch't with cold, or parch't with heat,  
Ready to die for thirst, or starve for meat,  
When they grow leane and low sie, tatter'd, torne,  
When they be curb'd, mockt, scott, contemnd, for-  
seeing their folly : then they sigh and cry (lorne,  
Oh what a happy thing it is to die !  
Even so my gadding Muse, and running braine,  
Not witting what it was to passe the maine,  
In a mad humour once, or merry fit,  
Would needs goe wander without feare or wit ;  
But being tost in the tempestuous Seas,  
Having no friend, no comfort, rest, or ease,

## The Author

She vow'd if e're she set a foot on shore,  
Ne'r to see Sea, or once take shipping more.  
Like a drownd Mouse at last to land she got,  
And being wounded, weake, and full of shot,  
Crept in a corner, choosing there to lie,  
(Rather than once peepe out of doore) and die  
But yet alas, within a yeare or twaine,  
Newes came my Muse must to the Sea againe :  
She being full of grieve, and quite dismaid,  
Flies unto me, and cries to me for aid ;  
But all in vaine for succour did she crave,  
I could not helpe her : but selfe doe, selfe have.  
I told her plaine my minde, what I thought best,  
To arme her selfe and goe, since she was prest.  
So to the sea the second time she went,  
Against all wind and weather being bent.  
Let Critticks cracke and crow, let Roysters raile,  
No storm(said she) shal make me now strike saile,  
A little wetting shall not make me shrinke :  
He hoist up saile, though I be sure to sinke.  
Then to her tacklings did she stoutly stand  
The second voyage till she came to land.  
Good gentle sirs, let me now beg this boone,  
That she ne'r passe the seas, as she hath done :  
The seas are dangerous, and the Ocean rough,  
And since that she hath service done enough,  
Now let her rest : seeke not her heart to breake ;  
She's



## to the Booke.

She's weather-beaten, old and springs a leak;  
The Pitcher being framed ne'r so strong,  
Comes broken home, going to water long,  
Now let her rest: give her a little breath,  
Presse her no more, lest she be prest to death.  
But she is bound the ninth time to the seas,  
She must not lie at harbour or at ease;  
I cannot for my life her voyage stay:  
She's bound, and being bound, she must obey:  
Farewell, deare Muse, I thought ere this to see  
Thee weary of the world, or that of thee.



## To the Booke.

**M**Y little ship doth on the Ocean fleet,  
That every circumspccting eye may see't :  
Now in her journey left she chance to faile,  
Let Printers pray she may haue happy saile.

## To the Reader.

**S**ome mē there be that praise whats good they hear  
And some there are that carpe what ere it be :  
Some men in Zoilus ghost will soone appeare,  
And some with Aristippus flatterie,  
But carpe at what you can, dispraise, back-bite,  
Ilo neuer hide my Poems from the light.

## To the envious Reader.

**P**Ale faced Envy, aimes at greatest men,  
And by her nature ever seekes to clime,  
If it be so, surely she will not then,  
Looke downe so low as for to view my Rime :  
But if against her nature she will see't,  
Her, face to face, my verse shall dare to meet.

A De.



## A Description of LOVE.

**N**E'r toucht my lips the *Heliconian* Well,  
Mine eyes ne'r gaz'd upon *Parnassus* hill,  
My tongue did never ancient stories tell,  
My hand did never hold a curious quill,  
Yet write I must, but if I barren be,  
And shew no wit, Ile shew my industry.

Where is the mortall man that can define,  
The thing call'd love, which all the gods do honor?  
Her greatnesse goes beyond the wit of mine,  
I goe beyond my wits to thinke upon her:  
The more I think what this same love should  
The lesse I doe conceive what thing is she. (be

A taske most weighty doe I undergoe,  
By undertaking for to speake of Love,  
Whose bare description I did never know,  
Whose definition passe the gods above: (blind,  
She's deaf, yet hears; she's dumb, yet speaks; she's  
Yet *Ianus* like, she seeth before, behind.

Like

## *A Description of Love.*

Like unto Summers grasse she's fresh and greene;  
Sh'adornes the body, as the flowers the field.

She in a beggar lives as in a Queene,  
She conquers *Mars*, & yet to *Mars* shee'l yeeld:  
She's white, she's red, she's yellow as the gold,  
She's ever living, yet is never old.

Invisible she is, yet her we see;  
Both heaven and earth this goddesse doth inherit,  
She's flesh, she's blood, she's bone as well as we,  
Yet can she nothing doe but with a spirit.

She is a ponderous feather, witty folly.  
A quicke thing slow, a merry melancholy.

Shee'l soone be angry, shee'l be pleas'd as soone,  
Maliciousnesse ne'r harbours in her minde.  
She's hot i'th morning, but she's cold ere noone;  
She's rough, she's calm, she's hogish yet she's kind  
Shee'l sing, shee'l sob, so that the curious fiction,  
May terme and call her well, a contradiction.

She is a restless rest a fervent cold,  
A wholesome poyson, she's a painefull pleasure,  
Exceeding shame-faste, she's exceeding bold;  
She's bitter honey, she's a gainlesse treasure,  
She's too too loose, yet too too fast a knot;  
She is a hellish Heaven, what is she not?

She

## *A Description of Love.*

She made *Leander* passe the raging seas,  
His loving *Hero* that he might enjoy ;  
Faire *Helena* did *Paris* better please,  
Then all his kinsfolkes, or the wealth in *Troy* :  
She's such a thing that we so much respect,  
That we our friends forget, our selves neglect.

Our native Country doe we quite forsake,  
Our prudent parents will we disobey,  
Through desert places journies doe we make,  
And so become some lurking Lions prey :  
Nay more than this, down quick to hell we goe,  
As *Orpheus* did, if love would have it so.

Whilst on the key cold earth our love doth lie,  
The ground sends forth a comfortable heat,  
Forgetting of her owne propriety,  
The stones seem soft whilst love makes the her seat  
Down on the downs whilst lovers lie together,  
The down seems down & every stone a fether.

Who her enjoyes, enjoyes all earthly pleasure,  
Who her enjoyes, can feele no cold nor heat,  
Who her enjoyes, enjoyes a world of treasure,  
Who her enjoyes, enjoyes his drinke, his meat.  
She's hony sweet, her selfe not mixt with gall,  
Who her enjoyes, enjoyeth all in all.

But

## *A Description of Love.*

But if the goddesse Love should changed be,  
And not perpetually abide the same ;  
She headlong falls into extremity :  
She takes upon her then another name.

Her white is blacke, her similings changed are ;  
She is a Fury growne which once was faire.

Her golden haire is turn'd to slimy Snakes,  
Her eyes like fire, her touch doth poyson spit ;  
Most grim and dreadfully her head she shakes,  
Which on her shoulders once did finely sit.

Her pretty lisping tongue, & wanton speeches,  
Are turn'd to yelling, howling, & to screeches.

She whom the gods did love to looke upon,  
Makes *Pluto* quiver at her odious sight :  
Who was a Mate most meet for love alone,  
Is now become a Fiend in darksome night.

Who once was lovely and in rich estate,  
Is wretched, hurtfull, and is turn'd to hate.

Your youthfull youths will not so often knocke,  
And beat their tender fists against the doore,  
But rust and canker now consumes the locke,  
For want of use which shinde with use before.

She keeps her home, and lurking there doth lie,  
In holes and corners free from company.

Speake

## *A Description of Love.*

Speake what she will, she may, there's none that  
Let her bite, back-bite, slander or revile, (heares:  
Weep whilst she's weary, none respects her tears  
We know they come but from a Crocodile;  
We know her arts, her cunning, charms & skill,  
Who can seeme kind to those she means to kill.

Then why for *Rosa* should I carke and care?  
Why for my *Rosa* should I sorrow feele,  
Being thee's false as much as she is faire?  
What once lay at my heart, lies at my heele:  
For why, a foole I should accounted be,  
To die for her that scornes to live with me.

Farewell my *Rosa*, as fickle as the winde,  
Yet reade these verses which I make of you,  
Scan them upon your fingers, and youle finde,  
That every stasse and line of these be true:  
Then since that you and I are now apart  
My verses feet be truer than thy heart.

Curst be that beauty which was once my blisse,  
Curst be those twinkling star-like eyes of thine,  
Curst be those lips which gave me kisse for kisse,  
Curst be the tong which told me thou wert mine.  
Curst be those arms which once did hold me  
And ten times cursed be what e'r thou hast. (fast  
Now



## *A Description of Love.*

Now to some uncouth desert will I goe,  
There will I lay me downe in melancholy,  
VVhere croaking toads lie throtling out my woe,  
Or where some snakes lie hissing in my folly :  
There will I lay me downe there will I stay,  
And never turne untill I turne to clay.

But soft, what slumber hath mine eyes opprest ?  
VVhat idle fantasies disturbe my braines ?  
What is it makes me raile amidst my rest ?  
In slumber sweet, what makes me talke of paines ?  
Pardon sweet Love, on me compassion take,  
For this I dreaming or in passion spake.

The *Heliotrophium* makes no shew at night,  
The proudest Peacocke hath no pleasing cry,  
The glittering Sun reserves his totall light,  
Though misty clouds may keepe it from our eye :  
Pardon sweet love, once more I pardon aske,  
Faire is not foule, although she weare a maske.

He somtimes feeles the pricks that puls the Rose,  
VVho hony takes, may sometimes touch the sting,  
The fairest flowers may offend the nose,  
Death may be neare, although the swan doth sing:  
Checks frō such cheeks, & frowns frō such a face,  
Sweet love, I like, so I may thee imbrace.

Then



## *A Description of Love.*

Then promise me I may enjoy thy sight,  
And faithfully thy word and promise keepe,  
Lest I lie tumbling all the irksome night,  
Telling the tedious minutes wanting sleepe.

For when ones love doth stay a while away,  
Each minute seems an houre, each houre a day.

### *Seeing.*

VVhat if I walk most richly through the towne?

VVhat if I be ador'd like *Mahomet*?

VVhat if I take my rest on beds of doune?

VVhat if I doe enjoy whole kingdomes? yet

All this is nought, unlesse my *Rosa* be

In presence to behold my braverie.

### *Hearing.*

VVhat if the best Musicians that be,

Take in their hand a severall instrument;

And play to me the sweetest harmonie,

That ever was? yet were it no content;

The sweetest tune seeme harsh unto mine eare;

Unlesse my *Rosa* be in place to heare.

### *Smelling.*

What if my skin should be by nature sweet

Like *Alexanders*? what if by perfumes (street?

Each man should smell me passing through the

VVhat if my smell make sweet il-smelling rooms?

These smells, these odours little will content me,

Unlesse my *Rosa* be in place to sent me.

### *Tasting.*

## A Description of Love.

### *Tasting.*

What if my table be most richly spread  
With the best junkets can be made for men,  
If Nectar be my drinke, if that my bread  
Be of the purest Manchet made, what then ?  
All these delights will not my palate please,  
'Lesse my *Rosa* be in place to taste of these.

### *Feeling.*

What if the fairest Damtells in the Land  
With silk-like skin, and alabaster white,  
Should all at once before me naked stand  
To touch : they neither please my touch or sight:  
*Rosa* is she, like whom there is none such,  
She is my eye, care, smell, my taste, my touch.

### *All the senses.*

Her voyce is pleasant musicke to the eare,  
Her lookes doe like our sight exceeding well :  
Feed on her lips she is the daintiest cheare,  
'Mongst all perfumes she is the sweetest smell :  
Our hot desire her water onely quenches,  
She is the touch, the very sense of senses,  
She is the Starre by whom the shipmen sayle,  
She is the hatches, she, wherein they rest ;  
She is the wind that makes the prosperous gale,  
She is the haven, she, which plealeth best ;  
Shee is the Dolphin which *Arion* did  
Preserve from danger, whilst he plaid and rid.  
Then

## *A Description of Love.*

Then be my Pilot to direct my ship,  
Be thou the only house where I may dwell,  
Be thou the only cup to touch my lip,  
Be thou my heaven, and I shall feele no hell,  
Be thou my winde; in spite of *Aeolus*,  
My journey then must needs be prosperous.

Now what is Love, or what may we it call,  
Tell me, O thou that triest? I doe beseech  
You see, that onely she's the senses all;  
I thinke she's also all the parts of speech:  
To call her first a *Noune*, I thinke it good,  
What can be felt, seene, heard, or understood.

*Noune.*

She is a *Noune*, and a *Noune substantive*,  
And by that name I may her rightly call,  
V Who stands her self, unlesse another strive  
To sling her downe, and force her for to fall:  
An *Adjective* she may be also said,  
Who sometime doth require anothers aid.

But of *Nounnes substantive* there are two sorts,  
Some *Nouns* are proper, others common be,  
The best of all Grammarians reports;  
If it be so, yet both of these is she;  
She's proper, small, and of but slender bone.  
She's doubtfull, common, yet no moe than one.

B

A

## A Description of Love.

### *A Pronounne.*

She is a *Pronounne*, like unto a *Nonne*,  
A *Pronounne* now she may be called well,  
For she what ere is done throughout the towne,  
To every one, that comes, will shew and tell;  
She busie is, like Poets that be versing,  
She doth delight in shewing and rehearsing.

### *A Verbe.*

She's a *Verbe Active*, for if any wooe,  
And aske her if she loves, shee'l say, I doe;  
She is a *Passive* too, for shee'l sit still,  
And suffer any man to have his will;  
But yet to her I ne'r will be a suter,  
She's *Active*, *Passive*, but to me a *Neuter*.

### *A Participle.*

She is a *Participle* too, I know,  
For she hath two strings ever to her bow;  
She is a *Noun*, a *Verbe*, yet sometimes neither,  
She sometimes only takes but part of either.  
Foure kinde of *Participles* now there be:  
But she is of the *Pretertense* with me.

### *An Adverbe.*

*Adverbes* of divers kinde I know there be:  
An *Adverbe* then of any kinde is she,  
Somtime she is of place, for here and there,  
Nay lookt for her, you'l find her any where;  
She's

## *A Description of Love.*

She's any *Adverbe* ; if you would know why ;  
She'l wish, she'l sweare, flatter, affirme, deny.

### *A Conjunction.*

She's a *Conjunction copulative*, for either,  
As close as waxe she joineth things together,  
Or a *Dis-junctive*, for shee'l stir up strife,  
(Having a naughty tongue) twixt man and wife ;  
She is a thing that's fit for any function,  
She's any thing, therefore any *Conjunction*.

### *A Preposition.*

She is a part of speech commonly set  
Before all other parts of speeches ; yet  
This part of speech, we very often finde  
Beyond, beside, nigh, through, about, behinde,  
She is a *Preposition* likewise seene,  
Within, without, against, beneath, betweene.

### *An Interjection.*

Since she is any thing, we last of all,  
May rightly her an *Interjection* call ;  
Sometimes she's curst, sometimes exceeding kind  
Troubled with divers passions of the mind ;  
Of marvelling, she's often, as *Pape*,  
Sometimes of laughing too, as *ha ha he*.

O you most brave conjuring Seminaries,  
Read and attend my wofull wooing story :

## Sonnets.

Take beads, make crosses, say your *Ave Marias*,  
And pray I may be out of Purgatorie :

For if I'me not in Purgatorie here,  
Ile not beleeeve there's any any where.



## Epigrams.

*To the courteous Reader.*

**T**Hese Epigrams I made seven years agoe,  
Before I rime or reason scarce did know:  
Condemne me not for making these, alas,  
It was not I, I am not as I was.

*Of a Legacie not an Ambassadour.*

As 'twas my fortune by a wood to ride,  
I saw two men, their armes behinde them tide,  
The one lamenting there what did befall,  
Cride, I'me undone my wife and children all :  
The other hearing him, aloud did crie,  
Undoe me then let me no longer lie :  
But to be plaine, the men which there I found,  
were both undone indeed, yet both fast bound.

To

## *Epigrams.*

### *To a Barber.*

*Tonsorius* onely lives by cutting haire,  
And yet he brags, that Kings to him sit bare,  
Me thinks he should not brag and boast of it,  
For he must stand to beggers while they sit.

### *He tastes of his bitten nailes.*

*Philomathes* once studying to indite,  
Nibbled his fingers and his nailes did bite:  
By this I know not what he did intend,  
Unlesse his wit lay at his fingers end.

### *Of one subject his Wife.*

*Noctivagus* walking in the evening sad,  
Met with a spirit; whether it was good or bad,  
He did not know: yet courage he did take,  
And to the wandring spirit thus he spake,  
If good thou bee'st thou'lt hurt no silly men,  
If thou bee'st bad, thou'lt cause to love me then,  
For I thy kinsman am, my wife's so evill,  
That I am sure I married with the divell.

### *Of Nature.*

Nature did well in giving poore men wit,  
That fooles well monifide may pay for it.



*Epigrams.*  
*To a Lawyer.*

To goe to Law, I have no maw,  
Although my suit be sure,  
For I shall lack sutes to my back,  
Ere I my fate procure,

*Demosthenes his imperfection.*

*Demosthenes* both learning had and wit,  
As we may gather by the bookes he writ,  
Then blame him not having so much to utter,  
If that his tongue did trip, or he did stutter.

*Of a Tobacconist.*

If mans flesh be like swines, as it is said,  
The metamorphosis is sooner made.  
Then full-fac'd *Gnatho* no tobacco take,  
Smoaking your corps, lest bacon you doe make.

*Of a drunkard.*

*Cinna* one time most wonderfully swore,  
That whilst he breathed he would drink no more:  
But since I know his meaning, for I thinke,  
He ment, he would not breath whilst he did drink  
of



## Epigrams?

### Of flatterers.

Whilst on the *Heliotrophium* Sol doth shine,  
Her clos'd and twisted selfe it doth untwine,  
But when from her bright *Phæbus* takes his light  
She shuts againe as scornfull to the night.  
Whilst on me *Phæbus* sun-shine shewes his face,  
Each man with open armes will me imbrace :  
But when the sunne of fortune gins to set,  
They clutch their own, having no more to get.

### Of a proud man.

*Sylla* would take the upper hand of me,  
Saying he was a better man than I ;  
I knew my selfe his better for to be,  
But yet the wall I gave him willingly.  
The wall he took, and take it ever shall,  
For still the weakest goeth to the wall.

### The unconstancy of a woman.

A woman may be faire and yet her minde  
Is as unconstant as the wavering winde,  
*Venus* her selfe is faire, she shineth farre :  
Yet she's a Planet and no fixed starre.

## Epigrams.

### *The pride of Bassa.*

If it be true as ancient authors write,  
That Blackamores doe paint their Divels white,  
Then why doth *Bassa* bragge that she is faire,  
When such as she most like the Divels are.

### *Of the Physitians of our time.*

Twixt former times and ours there is great odds,  
For they held men that were Physitians, gods,  
O what a happy age live we in then,  
That have such gods, before that they be men?

### *Poore mens happinesse.*

Fortune doth favour poore men most of all,  
They hope to rise, but rich men feare to fall.

### *To a Shoemaker.*

*Coriat*, shoes, and shirt did never shift  
In his last voyage, would you know his drift?  
It was because he scorn'd that any one  
Should say, he was a shifting companion.

### *To a bald man.*

*Calvus* to combe his head doth take no care:  
For why? there breeds no nits where grows no  
(haire.  
of

## Epigrams.

*Of the same.*

Haire on my head I never flubber shall,  
Nor *Calvus* his, for he had none at all.

*To the Fowler.*

As *Anceps* walked with his peece to shoote,  
Vpon a toad by chance he set his foote;  
With that he straight-way started back, and said,  
It was the fowleſt creature that was made;  
But ſay he what he will, I thinke not ſo,  
For he himſelfe a *Fowler* was I know.

*Of a Stammerer.*

*Balbus* with other men would angry be,  
Because they could not ſpeake ſo well as he;  
For others ſpeak but with their mouth, he knows  
But *Balbus* ſpeaks both through the mouth and  
(noſe.

*Let no day paſſe without learning ſomewhat.*

By ever learning, *Solon* waxed old,  
For time he knew, was better farre than gold.  
Fortune would give him gold which would decay  
But fortune cannot give him yeſterday.

*No*

## *Epigrams.*

### *No truth in wine.*

Truth is in wine, but none can finde it there,  
For in your Tavernes men will lie and sweare.

### *Of a Painter.*

*Priscus* is excellent in making faces,  
For he his eyes, his nose, his mouth displaces,  
Since he hath skill in making these alone,  
I wonder much he mendeth not his owne.

### *Of a forsworne Maid.*

*Rosa* being false and perjur'd, once a friend,  
Bid me contented be, and marke her end  
But yet I care not, let my friend goe fiddle,  
And let him mark her end, Ile mark her middle.

### *The unconstancy of times.*

Those men that travell all the world about,  
Doe goe to finde the rarest fashions out :  
For all the newest fashions that we weare,  
We have beyond Sea : they their fashions here ;  
But now the world of fashions seemeth dry,  
We look to finde them in the starry skie.  
For if you mark it now this fashion's new,  
To weare a starre on a Polony shooe.

*of*

## Epigrams.

### *Of a flatterer.*

The dogge will ever bark before he bite,  
The theefe will bid you stand before hee'l fight,  
Each lurking beast, with some sowre visage will,  
Shew you a former signe of following ill :

But *Marcus* yet is ten times worse than these,  
Whose hart is killing when his words do please.

### *Of a Courtier.*

Man's but a worme, the wisest sort doth say,  
Yet *Clim* the Courtier goes in fine array,  
So that if man's a worme till he's deceast,  
He meanes to be a silk-worme at the least.

### *On the death of Achilles.*

*Achilles* heart no wound would hurt, his minde  
No chance could fright, as we in story finde :  
But yet he dyed when he did *Paris* feele,  
Surely I think his heart was in his heele.

of

## Epigrams.

### Of a boaster.

When foolish *Icarus* like a bird would flie,  
With waxed wings hee did ascend on hie :  
But when that *Phœbus* saw his proud intent,  
Him headlong downe into the sea he sent.

Then *Icarus* cry'd, O that I had my wish,  
I would not be a bird, but be a fish.

### The pride of Woman.

Why women weare a fall, I doe not know,  
Unlesse it onely be to make a show,  
Its true indeed, to pride they're given all,  
And pride, the Proverbe saies, must have a fall.

### Of one without teeth.

To *Fusca* beef and bacon's very loathsome,  
Chickins and Pigeons are not very toothsome :  
No marvell though if then she cannot eate,  
She hath no teeth, and they are toothsome meat.

### Of a stubborne Woman.

My wife while she doth live her will will take,  
For when she dying is, no VVill must make :  
But if shee I promise quickly for to die,  
Ile grant her will, her life time willingly.

of

## Epigrams.

### *Of false accusers or back-biters.*

When *Cordus* catches fleas, what ere he ailes,  
He kills them with his teeth, not with his nailes;  
Saying that man by man might blamelesse goe,  
If every one would use back-biters so.

### *Of master Leech who ran away.*

A pillar of the Church some *Leech* doe call,  
But such as he are Caterpillars all.  
He's fled to Rome, there's roome for such as he,  
We love his roome but not his company.

### *The countenance descries the mind.*

If *Phæbus* good and bad doth see, 'tis signe  
*Bassa* is bad; for she when *Sol* doth shine,  
Doth weare a maske, lest to the peering Sunne,  
Her countenance should tell what she hath done.

*An*

## Epigrams.

*An answer to Momus.*

Whilst I, as I was wont, went neate and fine;  
*Momus* me *delicatum* did call:  
This was the answer which I made to him,  
Take you but halfe the word and Ile take all.

*The Authors education.*

The Citie *London* to me life did give,  
And *Westminster* did teach me how to live:  
To whether place I doe most duty owe,  
Good Readers tell me, for I hardly know.

*Know thy selfe, that is, be not proud.*

Walking and meeting one not long agoe,  
I ask'd who 'twas: he said he did not know:  
I said I know thee, so said he, I you,  
But he that knowes himselfe I never knew.

*Trust not too much to thy beauty.*

When *Bassa* walks abroad she paints her face,  
And then she would be seene in every place,  
For then your gallants whosoere they are,  
Vnder a colour will account her faire.

of



## *Epigrams.*

### *Of a leane man.*

When first of all *I Macilent* did see,  
An ugly spirit, *I* thought him for to be;  
But since *I* know the cause he look'd so grimme,  
Had hardly flesh enough to cover him.

### *Of an Usurer.*

*Griper* more money got than he could spend,  
By money which to others he did lend,  
Say what he will, he was no gainer yet:  
But he a looser was which so did get:  
To get by coz'ning, was his whole pretence,  
By getting so, he lost his conscience.

### *Of the same.*

Much gold you *Griper* gather and corrade,  
By lending out to use, a damned trade,  
But whilst of gold you are a Hell-u-o,  
Much to the Devill, much to Hell you owe.

*of*

## *Epigrams.*

### *Of a great gormondising belly.*

*Gaster* did seeme to me to want his eyes,  
For he could neither see his legs nor thighes;  
But yet it was not so, he had his sight,  
Only his belly hanged in his light.

### *Of a Page.*

*Sextus* in old apparell still doth goe,  
Yet all his sute is new from top to toe:  
It is no marvell though if this be true,  
His masters old apparell makes him new.

### *Of a pratler having no teeth.*

Nature the teeth doth as an hedge ordaine,  
The nimble frisking tongue for to containe:  
No marvell then since that the hedge is out,  
If *Fuscus* tongue walketh so fast about.

### *Necessity hath no law.*

*Florus* did beat his Cooke and gan to sweare,  
Because his meat was rotten roasted there.  
Peace good sir, quoth the Cook, need hath no law,  
'Tis rotten roasted' cause twas rotten raw.

*of*

## Epigrams.

### *Of one without eares.*

*Thraso* upon a pillar lost his eare,  
And ever since he hid that place with haire ;  
Now lest thou *Thraso*, or his friend would be,  
Cut off your locks, that we your eares may see.

### *The poverty of Irus.*

*Irus* using to lye upon the ground,  
One morning under him a feather found,  
Have I all night here line so hard (quoth he)  
Having but one poore feather under me?  
I wonder much then how they take their ease  
That night by night, lie on a bed of these.

### *Of an ill Wife.*

*Priscus* was weeping when his wife did die,  
Yet he was then in better case than I:  
I should be merry and should think to thrive,  
Had I but his dead wife for mine alive.

## Epigrams.

*A darke sentence or a riddle.*

As *Sextus* once was opening of a nut,  
With a sharp knife his finger deeply cut,  
VVhat signe is this quoth he can any tell?  
Tis signe quoth one, y'have cut your finger well:  
Not so saith he, for now my finger's sore,  
And I am sure that it was well before.

*Of the poverty of Codrus.*

*Codrus* did serve a multitude with meat,  
Yet he himselfe had nothing for to eate:  
Some men may think this frolick misery,  
Or miserable liberality.

Vermin did feed on him, when he perhaps,  
Did either feed on nothing or on scraps.

*Of a covetous man.*

*Cræsus* is rich and gallant, faire and fat:  
*Codrus*, thou art but poore, and what of that?  
When he is dead, tell *Cræsus* this from me,  
More worms will feed on him, than will on thee.

## *Epigrams.*

### *Of a great drinker.*

Bid *Gnatho* hear a Sermon, then hee'l say;  
Hes a dry fellow that doth preach to day;  
But he's a dryer fellow sure *I* thinke,  
That ne'r has from his nose a pot of drinke.

### *Of the same.*

*Gnatho* did sweare that he would drink no moe,  
Flinging the beere away, 'cause it ran low,  
Nay faith, saies one, it is a sinne to spilt,  
For that is noble beere, that runs at Tilt.

### *Of chaste Love.*

Many accule me, 'cause I could doe nothing,  
Many accule me, 'cause I was a slow thing:  
But soft my Masters, I was politicke,  
For had not *I* beene slow, she had beene quicke.

### *To a Cuckold.*

*Cornutus* call'd his wife, both whore, and flut,  
Quoth she you'l never leave your brawling butt;  
Butt what quoth he? quoth she, the post or door,  
For you have hornes to butt, if I me a whore.

## Epigrams.

### *An Epigram.*

The Shopmen gallant goe, and spruse they are,  
And give their workmen what they list for ware:  
They drink good wine, they feed upon Anchoves  
*Sic vos non vobis, fertis aratra boves.*

### *An Epigram.*

When I in presse saw these things, not long since  
I judg'd they had been tryed by the bench;  
For if the Jury once had gone upon them,  
'Lesse they'd bin hang'd or burn'd, what had come  
(on them.

### *To G.F.*

Since you your selfe did break, you cunning are,  
Cooz'ning your kindred thus with broken ware.

### *To M.P.*

Six yeares I was a servant unto thee,  
Had I serv'd one yeare more I had been free,  
But since you got me once upon the hip,  
You turn'd me off before my Prentiship.

*An*

## Epigrams.

### *An Epigram.*

*Cinna* lov'd *Rosa* well, thinking her pure,  
And was not quiet till he made her sure,  
She married yet another, but the end  
Is this, she's *Cinnaes* wife, the others friend.

### *To certaine Academians.*

You that so many precious houres lose,  
Fall close unto your study, let your Muse  
Think upon nought but goodnesse; starve, & pine  
Before an houre passe without a line.  
For even as the river ebbes and flowes,  
This trash and earthly treasure comes and goes,  
But learning lasts untill the day of doome,  
Sea cannot sinke it, nor fire it consume.  
What if thy friends thee meat nor money send?  
Spend thy time well, thou hast enough to spend.  
What if thou beest by chance in prison cast?  
Mongst those that are in want, thou'lt find a wast.  
Nay one may come, thy face that ne're did see,  
And set thee out, as one deliver'd me.



*A Love Sonnet.*

**I** Lov'd a Lasse a faire one,  
As faire as ere was seene,  
She was indeed a rare one,  
Another *Sheba* Queene.  
But foole as then I was,  
I thought she lov'd me too,  
But now alas sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

Her haire like gold did glister,  
Each eye was like a starre,  
She did surpasse her sister,  
Which past all others farre,  
She would me hony call,  
She'd ô she'd kisse me too,  
But now alas sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*



## Sonnets.

In Summer-time to *Medley*,  
My love and I would goe,  
The boat-men there stood ready,  
My love and I to rowe :  
For Cream there would we call,  
For Cakes, and for Prunes too,  
But now alas sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

Many a merry meeting  
My love and I have had :  
She was my onely sweeting,  
She made my heart full glad,  
The teares stood in her eyes  
Like to the morning dew,  
But now alasse sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

And as abroad we walked,  
As Lovers fashion is,  
Oft as we sweetly talked,  
The Sun would steale a kisse :  
The winde upon her lips,  
Likewise most sweetly blew,  
But now alas sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

## Sonnets.

Her cheekes were like the Cherrie,  
Her skin as white as snow,  
When she was blyth and merrie,  
She Angel-like did show :  
Her wast exceeding small,  
The fives did fit her shooe,  
But now alas sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

In Summer time or winter,  
She had her hearts desire,  
I still did scorne to stint her,  
From sugar, sack, or fire :  
The world went round about,  
No cares we ever knew,  
But now alas she's left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

As we walk'd home together,  
At midnight through the towne,  
To keep away the weather,  
O're her I'de cast my gowne :  
No cold my love should feele,  
What ere the heavens could doe,  
But now alas she's left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

Like

## Sonnets.

Like Doves we would be billing,  
And clip and kisse so fast,  
Yet she would be unwilling,  
That I should kisse the last,  
They're *Indas* kisses now,  
Since that they prov'd untrue,  
For now alas she's left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

To Maidens vovves and swearing,  
Henceforth no credit give,  
You may give them the hearing,  
But never them beleve;  
They are as false as faire,  
Vnconstant, fraile, untrue,  
For mine alas she hath left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

'Twas I that paid for all things,  
'Twas other drank the wine,  
I cannot now recall things,  
Live but a foole to pine,  
'Twas I that beat the bush,  
The bird to others flew.  
For she alas she hath left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

1 Sonnets.

If ever that dame Nature,  
For this false Lovers sake,  
Another loving creature,  
Like unto her would make,  
Let her remember this,  
To make the other true,  
For this alas hath left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

No riches now can raile me,  
No want makes me despaire.  
No miserie amaze me,  
Nor yet for want / care :  
I have lost a world it selfe,  
My earthly heaven adue,  
Since she alas hath left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*



*To his Love fearing a Corriwall.*

**T**He poy's'nous Spider and the lab'ring Bee,  
The one and self-same flower dayly suckes ;  
But yet in nature much they disagree :  
For poyson one, the other hony pluckes.  
You are the flower (you know my meaning) he  
The poy's'nous Spider is, and I the Bee.

But

## *Elegies.*

But if you like that swelling creature best,  
Whose onely trap can but insnare a flie;  
Ile leave my writing, and Ile live in rest,  
Untill another Love can like my eye.

But if you leaving me, me none can please,  
Ile lingring live in paine, Ile pine in ease.

I am the Bee, if thou wilt be the Hive,  
Wherein no black nor poy's'nous moisture lies;  
Ile be a painfull Bee, Ile daily strive,  
How to returne to thee with loaden thighes:  
And in the winter, when all flowers perish,  
The hive the bee, the bee the hive shal cherish.

Tis not your fringe, your gloves, your bands, your  
Your gold, your fathers goods that I desire; (lace,  
But 'tis your golden haire, your comely face.  
Tis that, O that, that sets my heart on fire: (hue,  
Your hands, your heart, your love, your comely  
Makes me forget my selfe; remembring you.

O that I were a Hat for such a Head!  
O that I were a Glove for such a Hand!  
O that I were your sheets within your Bed!  
O that I were your shooe whereon you stand!  
To be your very smock! Ide daily seeke;  
So that you would not shift me once a weeke.

*Another*



Another to his Love, seeing  
*her walke in twilight.*

**T**He deepest waters have the smoothest looks  
The fairest shirt may hide the fowlest skin,  
Bad lines are often writ in gilded bookes,  
View not the out-side then, but looke within ;  
Try ere you trust, and if all things be true,  
Lock hands in hands, and seek not for a new.

I must confesse and will, I am but poore,  
But rich I am in love, perhaps you know :  
But if you to some lighter region soare,  
Disdaining for to take your flight so low,  
Take heed lest by some veh'mency of weather,  
You chance to burn some, or scorch some other.

But tell me sweet, if that thy minde be set  
Vpon some other man ; or if you know,  
What thing this Love should be, if not as yet,  
He teach you what a thing is love ; O no,  
What thing is love ? how can you learn of me,  
When first I learn'd to love by seeing thee ?  
The

## Epigrams.

The pretty winding of thy comely head,  
The decent rowling of thy lovely eye,  
Thy tender lilly hand, hath struck me dead,  
Without a touch. No, what is Love? Tis I,  
Tis you, 'tis you, 'tis both together, (hither.  
You love, I love, both love : sweet love, come

I cast an eye upon you yester night,  
But *Phabus* Horses went too great a pace,  
Vnwillling to afford me so much light,  
Wherein I plainly might discern your face :  
In spite of *Phabus*, nay in spite of you, (true.  
Hee looke, hee love, 'tis somewhat strange, but

Desiring





Desiring an answer from  
*his Love.*

**I**F that I am unworthy of your love,  
Let me be worthy of your answer yet,  
That I may know whether I must remove  
My deare affection from you now, and set  
My mind upon my bookes, which now I feare  
I spend in Love-toyes, and am ne'r the neere.

Prethee, sweet Love, some pretty thing indite,  
Let those thy pretty fingers hold a Pen;  
Vpon some Pretty Piece of Paper write,  
Nature made maidens pretty, and not men.

What *Midas* toucht was gold, you are so witty  
That what you write, or touch, or do, is pretty.

If you want Paper, Paper will I send you,  
If you want Inke, Ile likewise send you Inke;  
If that you want a Pen, a Pen Ile lend you,  
What ere you want, if that I can but thinke  
What 'tis, Ide freely give it to you, so  
You would but send an answer, I, or no.

## Epigrams.

*I* doe not write to thee for hope of gaines ;

But onely for to gaine thy love, so then

*I* prethee *Rosa* take a little paines ;

Once more *I* prethee *Rosa* hold a Pen :

I long to heare from thee, I faine would know

An answer from thee quickly, *I*, or no.

If it be *I*, then *Rosa* thou art mine

Then will we spend our youthful daies in pleasure

If it be no, then *Rosa* am I thine :

What ere thy answer is thou art my treasure.

If that (sweet heart) you'l know the reason why

It is because a Maidens *No* is *I*.

*An*

*Elegies.*

*An Answer to her Answer.*

**S**weet Mistris, *Rosa*, for whose onely sake  
I'd run through fire and water, nay I'd make  
A journey through the dangerous uncout places,  
I'd measure all the world with weary paces  
To doe you good : nay more, I'd lose my heart,  
Rather than have your little finger smart:  
But when you chance to read the same, I flatter  
You then will say ; but oh, it is no matter,  
Mock, flout, neglect, disdain, spit, spite, contemne,  
I needs must love my earthly Diadem.  
I flouted others once in miserie,  
But other men may now well flout at me ;  
This is that dire and cursed punishment,  
Which all the gods above to me have sent  
For all my faults, O see, with pittie see,  
Sweet Love, thy Love in wofull miserie,  
Whose eyes ne'r sleep, whose fancy still is doing,  
Since that he knew what did belong to wooing :  
Thou art the *Clorbo* that hath spun my thred,  
By which I seem to live, but yet am dead.  
But prethee *Rosa*, if thou'lt stop my breath,  
Kill quick, let me not have a lingring death :  
Pitty, pittie, pittie, pittie, pittie,  
Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty,  
Sweet, golden, lilly, lively, tender maid,  
Looke, like, live, love me well, and I am made ;

To



*To his second Love.*

**T**wixt hope and fear, I fear (sweet love) I live,  
Thinking my heart was given long agoe,  
Being one man has but one heart to give,  
How can you looke for mine, yet thinke not so ?  
But try me, trust me, and sweet heart, you'll see,  
I have a heart that's onely kept for thee.

Misdoubt me not, although I lov'd before,  
Misdoubt me not, but I lov'd faithfully,  
Experience makes me now love ten times more,  
I have my lesson now without booke, I :  
When first I lov'd, I was a fondling foole,  
Now am I a Captaine made in *Cupids* scoole.

You smile on me, but if you'll smile no more,  
What wil those men that know me now surmise,  
Being I was forsaken once before,  
They'll thinke me hatefull in a maidens eyes,  
They'll thinke all hate me, or suppose indeed,  
I onely came to wooc, but not to speed.

## *Elegies.*

O how much am I bound to Nature now,  
For making thee, that dost so farre excell,  
Her whom I thought excell'd all others? how  
Am I then bound to Nature prethee tell.

The difference twixt my first love, and you,  
Is this, she's faire and false, thou faire and true.

Misdoubt me not, for by the Heavens above,  
Thou shalt not finde me with a double tongue;  
For if I am the man thou canst not love,  
I am the man that will doe thee no wrong.

For if I speake by thee but any evill.

Count me no more a man, count me a Devill.



### *Of the burning of his Letter.*

**L**ike as the moth about the candle flies,  
Hoping to have some comfort from the light  
Scorcheth her wings, and on a sudden lies  
Panting upon the ground, or burned quite:

So I still hoping thee sweet-heart, to move,  
Consume my selfe in burning flames of love.

Alas

## Elegies.

Alas, alas, thy beauty shines so bright,  
It duls and dazels all that doe come nigh thee,  
This is the cause I never come, but write,  
Without an Eagles eye, how dare I eye thee?  
*Cupid* is blind; then I in loving thee,  
And looking too, should be more blind than he,

Why do I sigh, and sob, and broyle and burne?  
Why doe I seek to strive against the streame?  
Letters, nor love, nor looks, thy heart can turne,  
Why doe I then make love my onely theame?  
I love, you hate; I write, but what the better?  
I burne in love, and you doe burne my letter.

Poore harmlesse verses, what did yee commit?  
Hard-hearted *Flora*, how did they offend thee?  
More verses have I made for thee, but yet (thee.  
He sweare thou shalt not burne the next He send  
Burning's too base a death, therefore the rest;  
If they deserve to dye, they shall be prest.



## Master Johnsons answer to Master Withers.

*Withers.*

**S**hall I waisting in despaire,  
Die because a woman's faire,  
Or my cheekes make pale with care,  
Cause anothers Rosie are ?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowrie meades in May,  
*If she be not so to me,*  
*What care I how faire she be ?*

*Johnson.*

Shall I mine affections slacke,  
Cause I see a woman's blacke ;  
Or my selfe with care cast downe,  
Cause I see a woman browne ?  
Be she blacker than the night,  
Or the blackest jet in sight :  
*If she be not so to me,*  
*What care I how blacke she be ?*

*Withers.*



## Sonnets.

*Withers.*

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,  
Cause I see a woman's kind :  
Or a well disposed nature  
Joyned in a comely feature ?  
Be she kinde or meeker than  
Turtle Dove, or Pelican ;  
*If she be not so to me,*  
*What care I how kinde she be ?*

*Johnson.*

Shall my foolish heart be burst,  
Cause I see a woman's curst,  
Or a thwarting hoggish nature  
Joyned in as bad a feature ?  
Be she curst or fiercer then  
Brutish beasts, or savage men :  
*If she be not so to me,*  
*What care I how curst she be ?*

*Withers.*

Shall a womans vertues make  
Me to perish for her sake,  
Or her merits value knowne,  
Make me quite forget my owne ?  
Be she with that goodnesse blest,  
That may merit name of best,  
*If she seeme not so to me,*  
*What care I how good she be ?*

D 3

*Johnson.*

## Sonnets.

*Johnson.*

Shall a womans vices make  
Me her vertues quite forsake,  
Or her faults to me made knowne,  
Make me thinke that I have none?  
Be she of the most accurst,  
And deserve the name of worst:  
*If she be not so to me,*  
*What care I how bad she be?*

*Wishers.*

Cause her fortunes seeme too high,  
Should I play the foole and die?  
He that beares a noble minde  
If not outward help he finde,  
Think what with them he would doe  
That without them dares to wooe.  
*And unlesse that mind I see,*  
*What care I how great she be?*

*Johnson.*

Cause her fortunes seeme too low,  
Shall I therefore let her goe?  
He that beares an humble mind,  
And with riches can be kind,  
Think how kinde a heart he'd have,  
If he were some servile slave.  
*And if that same mind I see,*  
*What care I how poore she be?*

*Wishers*

## Sonnets.

*Withers.*

Great or good, or kind or faire,  
I will ne'r the more despaire.

If she love me, then beleewe  
will die, or she shall grieve :

If she slight me, when I wooc,  
I can slight and bid her goe :

*If she be not fit for me,*

*What care I for whom she be ?*

*Johnson.*

Poore, or bad, or curst, or blacke,  
I will ne'r the more be slacke.

If she hate me, then beleewe,

She shall dye, ere I will grieve :

If she like me when I wooc,

I can like and love her too :

*If that she be fit for me,*

*What care I what others be.*

## To the Reader.

**I***T is the common custome now adayes,*

*For one to write upon anothers praise :*

*But I no Trumpet seeke, no sound of drums,*

*No man for me shall make Encomiums :*

*Their Verses cannot make these Verses better,*

*They will not mend a staffe, a line, a letter.*



## *The Cryes of Ludgate.*

**N**Oble King *Lud*, long here hast thou stood,  
Not framed of wood,  
But of stones ;  
Stones sure thou art, like our Creditors heart,  
Which care not a ———  
For our groanes,  
Within thy gates, the crie at thy grates,  
Though it move the States of this Citie : (not,  
Our calling, our bawling, our yawling it moves  
Our Creditors hearts unto pittie :  
In Caps, and in Coates, with sorrowfull notes,  
And tearing our throats,  
For reliefe,  
Good Sir, we crie, with a Box hanging by,  
Here's a hundred that lie  
Full of griefe.  
The Gallants ride on, and ne'r thinke upon  
Our pitifull moane  
Which we make : (Coaches,  
But rumbling, and tumbling, and jumbling their  
The stones in the streets they doe shake.  
Merchants

## *The Cryes of Ludgate.*

Merchants that goe by the gate to and fro,  
Their hearts at our woe  
Seeme to shake,  
Thinking what crosses, what griefe, & what losses  
When their Caracks to Seas  
They take.  
These men are best, remorse in their brest,  
Doth harbour and rest  
To the needy,  
They roundly, profoundly, and soundly are giving  
As if they to free them were greedy.  
Others passe by, and cast up an eye  
Vpon that crye,  
In disdaine,  
Saying, that we all quickly would be,  
If now were free, here againe.  
Let them take heed, that mocke us indeed,  
And thus at our need goe by grinning, (ding,  
Tis so man, that no man, can know man his en-  
Though well he may know his beginning.

*The*

*The Song of the Beggar.*

**I** Am a Rogue and a stout one,  
A most couragious drinker  
I doe excell 'tis knowne full well,  
The Ratter, Tom, and Tinker.

*Still doe I cry, good your worship. good Sir,  
Bestow one small Denire Sir,  
And bravely then at the bousing Ken,  
He house it all in Beere Sir.*

If a Bung be got by the hie Law,  
Then straight I doe attend them,  
For if Hue and Crie doe follow, I  
A wrong way soone doe send them.

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

Ten miles unto a market,  
I run to meet a mizer,  
Then in a throng, I nip his Bung,  
And the partie nere the wiser.

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

My dainty Dels, my Doxies,  
When ere they see me lacking,  
Without delay poore wretches they  
Will set their Duds a packing,

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

## *The Song of the Beggar.*

I pay for what I call for,  
And so perforce it must be,  
For as yet I can, not know the man,  
Nor Oastis that will trust me.

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

If any give me lodging,  
A courteous knave they find me,  
For in their bed alive or dead,  
I leave some Lice behind me,

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

If a Gentry Coe be comming,  
Then straight it is our fashion,  
My Legge I tie close to my thigh,  
To move him to compassion,

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

My doublet sleeve hangs empty,  
And for to begge the bolder,  
For meat and drink, mine arme I shrinke,  
Vp close unto my shoulder,

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

If a coach I heare be rumbling,  
To my crutches then I hie me,  
For being lame, it is a shame,  
Such gallants should denie me.

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

With



## *The Song of the Beggar.*

With a seeming bursten belly,  
I looke like one halfe dead Sir,  
Or else I begge with a woodden legge,  
And a night-cap on my head Sir.

*Still doe I crie, &c.*

In winter time starke naked  
I come into some Citie,  
Then every man that spare them can,  
Will give me cloathes for pittie.

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

If from out the Low-country,  
I heare a Captaines name Sir,  
Then straight I swear I have been there,  
And so in fight came lame Sir.

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

My dogge in a string doth lead me,  
When in the towne I goe Sir,  
For to the blind, all men are kind,  
And will their Almes bestow Sir,

*Still doe they cry, &c.*

With Switches sometimes stand I,  
In the bottome of a hill Sir, (Switch,  
There those men that doe want a  
Some mony give me still Sir.

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

Come

## The Song of the Beggar.

Come buy, come buy a Horne booke:  
Who buyes my pins or Needles?  
In Cities I these things doe crie,  
Oft-times to scape the Beadles.

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

In *Pauls* Church by a Pillar,  
Sometimes you see me stand Sir,  
VWith a writ that shoves, what cares and woes,  
I past by Sea and Land Sir.

*Still doe I cry, &c.*

Now blame me not for boasting,  
And bragging thus alone Sir,  
For my selfe I will be praising still,  
For Neighbours have I none Sir.

*Which makes me cry good your worship, good Sir,  
Bestow one small Denire Sir, ~~and~~  
And bravely then at the bousing Ken, ]  
He bouse it all in beere Sir.*

## FINIS.